



Charlotte Mason's House of Education,
Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

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AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

BY MRS. FRANCIS STEINTHAL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Owing to the unexpected long frost it was quite impossible for you to find snowdrops in your gardens. One wrote to say that the field-mice had eaten hers. Dorothy Ker and Iole MacDonnell have sent me paintings of one. As we cannot be certain this spring if the flowers will open their eyes at the proper time, I should like you to try and do one illustration of the tale which is in the *Budget* this month. You ought to be able to find primroses; and the lambs are now skipping about in the fields—always a pretty sight. Dear Miss Mitford tells us—"the hazel stalks are swelling and putting forth their pale tassels; the satin palms with their honeyed odour are out on the willow; and the last lingering winter berries are dropping from the hawthorn and making way for the bright and blossomy leaves." Ask mother to read you Wordsworth's "Primrose" this month, and then write and tell me what it teaches you.

Your loving
AUNTIE MAI.

OUR LITTLE COOKS.

To make good Porridge. The water should be made to boil first, and the meal sprinkled in afterwards by handfuls, very little at a time, with vigorous stirring going on the while. Sufficient salt ought then to be added to bring out the taste of the meal, and when the whole has boiled from ten to twenty minutes, it should be poured out, and eaten before it has had time to grow stiff.

Vienise Cake. Take four eggs, beat the whites and yolks separately. Take the weight of four eggs in castor sugar, and beat it by degrees into the yolks. Then take the weight of three eggs in flour, and add that by degrees to the yolks and sugar, add a little grated lemon peel, and when well beaten together, add the whites of the four eggs, beaten to a

froth; mix all well together, and spread an inch thick upon a well-buttered piece of white paper; bake for ten minutes in a moderately hot oven, and while hot, spread jam on the cake, and roll it up.

Don'ts in Cooking. 1. Don't forget that in boiling *meat*, the point is not to let it boil. 2. In boiling *vegetables*, do not let the boiling stop. 3. Don't guess the quantity of anything, but always weigh or measure.

HELENE DE PIERREFOND.

APRIL.

Early this month sow the main crop of cabbage, cauliflower, kale and broccoli. Choose an open spot away from trees. Rake the surface, then sow the seeds broadcast regularly, each kind of seed, of course, in the space marked out for it. Roll or tread firmly in, and if the weather is dry, frequent and copious watering will promote growth. Sprinkle the ground with a mixture of lime and soot, and a small quantity of salt to keep away and destroy slugs and fly. The cabbages sown this month should be ready to be pricked out the end of next month. Make fresh parsley and mint plants, by placing the old roots in a hot bed till they throw out fresh shoots and roots. Successive crops of mustard and cress should be sown every week; if for salads, sow the mustard a few days before the cress, as it grows more quickly. Radishes, also, sow in a sheltered border. Carrots must be sown on a plot prepared with light soil, sand, or road grit thrown over the ground; much manure causes the carrots to branch, or form "fingers and toes," which spoil the appearance. Turnips, on the other hand, require well-manured soil, with a top-dressing of soot. Do not scatter the seed thickly, but regularly in an open sunny spot. Continue to sow peas, spinach, lettuce, and French beans. Finish potato planting, the large tubers should be cut, the smaller ones planted whole. Jerusalem artichokes should be treated in the same way, dibbed in, in rows at intervals of two feet each way. Sow celery in pans or boxes indoors, or on a warm bed. Vegetable marrow and cucumber seeds must be sown in pots, and placed in a hot bed to start.

COMPETITIONS.

These competitions are open to the children of all readers of the *Parents' Review*.

The doll's white petticoat will be taken in April, and must be sent before or on the 31st, to Aunt Mai, Wharfemead, Ilkley. Names and ages of the competitors must be *sewn* on the garments. My Dollie's Wardrobe can be obtained from Vickers, The Grove, Ilkley, for 1s. 3d., post free.

Class I. Age 11 to 15. Mary Tindall, 12, and Margaret Kendall, 13, have each won a prize for their knickerbockers.

Good work has been sent by Winifred Grice, 11, Cecelia Coote, 11, Daisy Mendham, 13, Dorothy Mather, 15, Winifred Tibbets, 11, Margery Webb, 11, Lucy Newman, 14, Margaret Gregson, 12, Iole MacDonnell, 11, Madge Allen, 12.

Class II. Age 10 and under. Rhoda Goddard, 10, Barbara Gregson, 10, Grace Lawrence-Lawrence, 10, have won prizes. Cicely Parker, who is only 6, deserves a special mention. Dorothy Senior, 10, Mabel Gardiner, 10, Margaret Elder, 8, Lucy Wilson, 7, Ethelwyn Robertson, 7, Lorna Lawrence-Lawrence, 8, Eleanor Elder, 7, Natalia Newman, 10, Hilda Newton, 9, Elsie Pope, 7, Margaret Stable, 8, Joë Billingham, 8, Sybil Baker, and Evelyn J. Powys, 10, have worked well. The sewing is, on the whole, not so good as it was last month.

A Prize is offered to the girl or boy who sends the best brush-drawing illustration of The lost Dewdrop, before April 30th, to Aunt Mai.

A Prize is offered to the girl who best dresses a doll, three or four inches long, as Matilda, wife of William I. To be sent to Aunt Mai before April 30th.

RIDDLES, PROVERBS, &c.

Margery Dunthorne has rightly guessed the February proverb. "A miss is as good as a mile."

HISTORICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials read down give the name of a general, and my finals a battle in which he fought. 1, thin; 2, a country; 3, a bag; 4, single; 5, a workman; 6, a water snake; 7, a river in America; 8, a Roman Emperor.

HIDDEN PROVERBS.

1. A d e e e e e h l m o p r s s s s t.
2. A a c e e e h i i i m n n n s s s t t t v.

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in toffy, but not in jam,
My second is in Richard, but not in Sam;
My third is in plover, but not in tit,
My fourth is in mouthful, but not in bit;
My fifth is in table, but not in dish,
My whole is a very well-known fish.

ELSIE BULLOCK, 14.

Answers to be sent to Aunt Mai before April 30th.

THE LOST DEWDROP.

By Norley Chester, Author of "Olga's Dream," etc.

It was a very unusual thing indeed that had happened, but all the same it had happened. One of the fairies in attendance at the court of the Fairy Queen had been naughty, and as it was the first time for many years that such a thing had been known, of course it made a great sensation. It was not surprising that it should have been unusual when one comes to think of it, because really you know it is very difficult for a fairy to find anything naughty to do. They can't refuse to go to bed at the proper time, because they never go to bed at all; and they can't refuse to eat their rice pudding, because they are never given any, and only feed on the scent of flowers, with sometimes a little honey or dew; and as for losing their tempers, they can't do that either, for the simple reason that they have not any tempers to lose. But there was one naughty thing left which they could do, and the little fairy Estaria had found it out. It was all the result of a visit she had been allowed to pay to some human nurseries. She spent a whole day going about from one to the other, and she learnt and saw a great deal in the time, and returned to Fairyland rather discontented. She told the other fairies that she thought it must be rather nice to be a human, and

that she wished she could be naughty sometimes like they were. She said she thought it was just a little dull to be always good. The other fairies fluttered with excitement at the idea, and begged Estaria not to think of such things. But Estaria said she would think of them, and that if none of them would help her to be naughty she would find out a way for herself, and she flew off in what would have been a temper in a human, but as I told you there were no tempers in Fairyland.

She flitted about by herself for some time trying to be naughty, but she really could not find out how, and at last it was time for her to go to the court and pay her evening homage to the Fairy Queen. But on her way there the opportunity actually occurred, and Estaria, for the first time in all her fairy life, did an unkind thing. As she flew along she saw in front of her a very fat and rather pompous old beetle, who had been out all day on important business and was now trudging home to his wife and family as fast as he could go. Estaria flew quietly behind him and tripped him up with her wand so that he lay quite helpless on his back with his feet waving wildly in the air, and then she hurried on laughing quietly to herself to think that he would have to remain in that uncomfortable position. "It was really almost worthy of a human," she said to herself.

When she reached the court all the other fairies were there before her, but she smoothed her wings and flew quickly to the queen holding out her wand with the point towards her, as was the custom. Now I must tell you that each of the wands had at the end of it a beautiful, clear, bright, dewdrop, which never fell from it and which glistened like a diamond, only if a fairy did an unkind action this dewdrop disappeared, so when Estaria pointed hers to the Fairy Queen, the Queen saw at once what had happened. A great sensation ensued, and the Queen told Estaria that she must leave the court and never return to it until she had found her dewdrop, and Estaria flew away quite alone into the outer world again. At first, she did not mind at all, she thought it rather fun to be quite independent, and she went on doing naughty things just for the fun of it. She tripped up all the beetles that she met, and she hid all the birds' eggs laid by the mother birds in the nests, which had given them

and their mates so much trouble to build, and she used to lie in wait for the busy bees, and just as they were flying home humming merrily, with a nice bag of honey earned by a whole day's hard work, she would stop them with her wand, and before they knew what was happening fly away with the honey. Of course they fell into great disgrace with the Queen bee in consequence, and it made them very unhappy, but Estaria only laughed when she heard them being scolded. But, at last, Estaria began to grow rather weary of all this and to feel tired and lonely. She thought she would like to be allowed to go to the court again, and she missed all the fairy companions who never came near her now, and so she began to search for the dewdrop which alone could gain her admittance. She found a great many of course. They were as plentiful as possible, but they did not seem to be the right sort, for nothing that Estaria tried would make them remain at the end of her wand, and at last she began to think it was quite hopeless and that she would never be able to go back to the court, and she began to be rather sorry that she had ever been naughty, since it seemed so dreadfully difficult to be good again when once you have begun not to be.

In the meantime all the animals had a great conference. They agreed that there was, undoubtedly, a bad fairy somewhere, and that everything pointed to it being Estaria, and they consulted together as to what should be done, since as long as things went on as they were, there was no peace or happiness for anyone. The wasps suggested stinging Estaria, and the ants said they would swarm over her, and a spider thought it would be better still if he and his friends spun their webs all over her, so that she could not move. But a cock-sparrow, who was very much respected, stood up and said that he did not think any of these methods should be tried until they had spoken to Estaria, and he advised that they should go to her in a body, and tell her plainly how much trouble and mischief she was causing.

And so it happened that one day when Estaria was sitting by herself feeling rather dull and lonely, and wondering how she was to set about finding her lost dewdrop, she found herself suddenly surrounded by a crowd of birds, bees, beetles, lizards, spiders, ants, and other animals. The cock-sparrow spoke first. He said that they had come to explain to her

how much trouble she had caused, and begged that she would listen to what they had to say. A linnet told her tale next, and the soft feathers rose and fell on her breast with her sobs as she did so. She described the sweet little nest that she had had, and the dear little eggs which had lain there, and she said how she was looking forward to the day when the shells would break and the birdlings come out. Then she also described how one day something had poked her from behind, and how in her fright she had flown off the nest, and when she returned the eggs had all disappeared. A spider chimed in next. "I," said he, "had been toiling all day, and at last had made one of the most beautiful webs ever seen, and I was just going to rest in it, and was feeling so pleased with my labours, when something brushed past me, I was knocked down, and all my work destroyed."

Then a chorus of mother beetles told their tale. They described what anxious hours they had spent waiting for the return of their husbands, who were often kept out in the cold all night by some evil power which turned them over on to their backs so that they were not able to move, until some friend who could come to their assistance happened to pass. And the bees joined in with a description of the discord and trouble which the constant attacks on their honey bags had brought into the hive. And at the end, a shy little lizard crept to Estaria, and put his bright green head on her knee, and whispered that it did make them very uncomfortable, though she might not think it, when she caught them and pulled their tails. Estaria sat in silence all the time, with her head bent, listening; but now when a chorus of voices cried, "Please, dear Estaria, do leave off making us all so unhappy," a sudden sob shook her fairy breast, and one bright tear rose from her heart and fell down her cheek.

"I will try, dear creatures," she said, holding out her hands to them. "I never thought I should make you suffer so." And as she stooped to pick up her wand, which had fallen from her knees to the ground, she saw that her tear had taken the place of the dewdrop and sparkled as brightly as any diamond.

"JACK AND JILL'S JOURNEY."

By Phoebe Allen, Author of "Playing at Botany," "Two Little Victims," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"OH, please, Mr. Matter-of-Fact, get out of our way! we want to get to our places in the visitors' gallery." This entreaty was uttered by a chorus of voices next morning, when all the party, on arriving at the Assembly House, found Matter-of-Fact blocking up the door.

"All in good time, little folk," was the aggravating reply. "First answer my questions of yesterday, and then I'll move out of your way with pleasure."

"Oh, dear!" came in a long wail, for everyone had forgotten those tiresome questions. No one had an answer ready. But kind Fun came to their help.

"With your permission," he said, bowing to Matter-of-Fact, "I and my little friends will sing you the answers you ask for, in a *very* lovely song of my own composing. Children, follow my lead," and forthwith he began (the tune as well as the words were his own).

"Over plants, whose leaves have parallel veins,
The palm, like an Eastern Sultan reigns,
But the leaves, whose veins in a network spread,
Claim the royal oak as their rightful head.
Of the various families, here are three—
The ranunculus, lily, and gramineæ;
And the blossoms they choose as their badges meet,
Are the buttercup, tulip, and common wheat.
And next, about Greece, do you want to know?
'Tis a very nice land, where currants grow;
And traced on the map of Europe, you'll see,
Greece forms the southern extremity
Of the Balkan Peninsular," and here let us pause,—
"But oh! 'twas Lycurgus gave Greece her first laws."

"Oh, that's very fine, Master Fun!" said Matter-of-Fact; "but you've skipped the questions about the word 'root.'"

"Dear, dear! what an old worry he is," muttered Fun. "I really must give him a little hit." Then raising his voice he went on, "Root comes from a word, which means resting, I trow, and is also like roost, *which we wish you'd do now.*"

Just at that moment, the door behind Matter-of-Fact was opened from the inside, and F.O. put his head through.

"My good children," he said "you needn't be so impatient to get to the gallery, for the address won't begin yet. Come and stroll about amongst the different family groups with me, and I'll tell you some scraps of gossip about them. To begin with, I'm *sorry* to say, there's been a little quarrelling amongst the honourable members of this house."

"What, *bad* sort of quarrelling?" asked his listeners, eagerly. They didn't seem at all sorry to hear it.

"Well," said F.O., "you see it's in this way. Where there are such a number of different families, and then again such a number of different members in each family, it's difficult to settle, *first*, who shall speak at all, and then, the order in which they shall speak. They have such different claims: some plead their position in the world, others their great age, others, again, their short term of life. Some roots are regular earth men, and have underground residences,—these are the most numerous,—others are water men, and inhabit rivers and ponds, a third class live in the air, whilst a fourth set of roots prey on their fellow creatures, and are called parasites."

"Not *parasols*, remember," said Fun.

"Well, in the matter of position," went on F.O., "there's no doubt the old landed gentry, the earthmen, ought to take precedence of the other roots; but then there's still the question of age to settle, for you know, some roots only last one year and are called annuals, others last two years and are called bi-ennials, whilst others live for several years and are called per-ennials. Well, these last declare that their superior age entitles them to speak before anyone else; the bi-ennials vow *they* won't stand by to hear 'one year olds' speak, whilst the latter very justly remark, 'If you won't let us have our say now, we never shall have it at all.'

"Yes" said Fun, "that's just the quarrel that's been going on in the Cruciferous family. All the little cresses clamoured to speak, but an ancient wallflower quelled them at once, and then got the worst of it himself with a mighty full grown Turnip, who won the day in the end and who is going to lecture us presently. Let's come and have a look at him in his private life," added the small Professor, leading the way to the Cruciferous group.

"Oh! isn't he a beauty?" said Jack, "Oh! if only we could scoop his inside out," (it is to be *hoped* the poor lecturer did not hear that) "and cut two jolly holes for his eyes and a nice slit for his mouth and then set up a candle inside him, wouldn't he make a splendid lantern?"

"Ah!" said F.O., "but I'll tell you a still better use to make of a Turnip. Hollow it out, hang it up, crown downwards and fill it with water. In a very short time the leaves will begin to sprout and will curl upwards and cover the turnip, and if in the water, you put some bulbs, hyacinth or crocus, you'll have a little hanging garden, fit for a fairy Queen."

"Oh! what a lot you do know, Mr. F.O.," said Jill.

"No, my dear, I only try to find out all I can, as my name tells you" was the reply, "but, talking of names reminds me that I feel quite sure our good friend here, though he is so very anxious to lecture us about himself, will avoid saying anything about his name. Because, the fact is, no one knows where his family picked it up and perhaps it means something rather ugly. If he was *Nip* without the *Tur*, we should all know that he was descended in a straight line from his Latin ancestor, *Napus*, known afterwards to the Saxons as *Noepe*, but as it is—"

"It's quite clear," broke in Fun, "that, instead of coming straight, he took a *turn* somewhere, but how about his cousins, the parsnip, carrot, etc."

"Oh!" said F.O., "the carrot gets his name from the Greek for 'tawny orange' the parsnip was named from an old gardening tool of a similar shape, the beetroot comes from the Latin 'Beta;' but, dear me! I must stop, for time is up."

"And we must be up too," cried Fun, and off started everyone to the Visitors' Gallery.

"Oh! isn't this nice," whispered Jill, taking her old place by Fun.

"Hush," he whispered, "look down at the Tribe, it's on the move now."

And so it was, the whole Cruciferous group moving together, in beautiful order, the long procession headed by a handsome, bronze-faced Wallflower, and ending with the lecturer. The latter, a magnificent white Turnip, with

a mighty crown of green leaves, springing out of the lilac-tinted collar round his neck, brought up the rear with great dignity.

"Why all that number will never find room on the platform," whispered Jill, but they were already falling into their places. The Speaker, of course, filled the chair, supported by all his nearest kin in the root line, carrots, parsnips, etc. Next in order to them some purple sea-rocket represented the Kale family; beyond them all the cresses and cabbages, mustard and pepper worts formed a ring, whilst beyond them again, the wall-flowers, stocks, candytuft, and other flowers of the family made an outer circle which served as a setting to the whole group.

"Now do you see," said F.O., "how clever that arrangement is, as if they meant their family to represent a perfect plant. First the root, then the stem, then the leaves, and lastly, the flowers."

But the lecturer was already rising, and bowing so low that he very nearly toppled over on his leafy crown. He began: "Ladies and gentlemen, I now invite your attention to roots in general, and myself in particular. But first, what is a root? The most important part of a plant, upon which, though seldom seen, and often never thought of, even by those who enjoy the flowers and fruit which it produces, the life of the plant depends as entirely as your life depends upon your heart, which also keeps completely out of sight. Like a careful, hard-working housewife, the root does all the drudgery, keeping its labours out of sight, but yet toiling day and night to provide for its family, namely, the stem, the leaves, the flower, and the seed. There are many different kinds of roots, but I will only speak now of some of those belonging to prominent members of my tribe, to whose variety in form I will call your attention. These gentlemen, here to my right"—and the Turnip bowed towards the group of carrots, etc.—"will kindly step forward and act as illustrations to my descriptions. To begin with, there is what is called the *conical* root;" upon this a fiery carrot stepped forward and bowed; "then there is the spindle-shaped, broad in the middle you know, but tapering at both ends."

"Like me," said a sprightly young red radish, dancing

forward and then retreating a step, he caught a delicate white turnip-radish round the waist and came back again, saying, "But my sister, you see, taking after our learned lecturer, is globular in shape, and only tapers at one end." Thereupon these giddy young radishes waltzed back to their places, nearly crushing a cress, with her white thread-like roots, of which the Turnip said rather slightly, "Those yonder are also a variety, but humble creatures, who'll grow on *flannel* if they can't get anything better. Then there's the Horse-radish who, having a *creeping* root, is taking his time, I suppose, to crawl forward; and lastly there's the stringy root of the Wallflower. I want so much to talk of myself, I can't mention any more. First, about my ancestry. I come of a very ancient stock, for I was highly prized by the Ancients; Pliny declared Turnips to rank next in value to corn, and mentions the usual weight of my forefathers as being 40 lbs. each. We don't reach that size now; though I am told that in Norfolk, where farmers take pride in their delicate cattle and huge roots, a favourite dish at agricultural dinners is a round of beef served up in a turnip. I know also that about 200 years ago *your* forefathers were very thankful to make an excellent white bread of *mine*, when all other provisions failed. There is little doubt but what we accompanied the Romans in their first visit to Britain, and so were at home here before the Conqueror came, but here I must stop, as time is up, and my own history must come to-morrow. Meanwhile Mr. Matter-of-Fact was circulating the following questions:—

QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

1. Does every kind of root grow underground?
2. Why are some roots called annual, others biennial, others perennial?
3. Whence did carrots, parsnips, and beetroot get their name?
4. What is the difference in shape between a Turnip and a Carrot, and what is the root of the Wallflower like?
5. When did the Romans invade Britain, and who was Pliny?
6. Is the Turnip an annual or a biennial?

Answers have been received from the following members, and marks awarded in the following order:—

Div. I. (members age from 12 and upwards) Harry Ward, (4), Edmée Manning (6), Winifred Grice (4), Susan Venables, (4), Margaret Bulley (5), Edith Fraser (6), May Lewis, (6), Mary Ashwell (5), Edith Ashwell (5½), Meda Graham Watson (6), Alex. Colles (5), Eileen Colles (5), Jessie Vickers (5), Joan Champion (5). Div. II. (members aged 10 and upwards) Rhoda Goddard (5), Dorothy Senior (4½), Phyllis Murray (5), Georgina Smith (6), Vera Dawson (5), Grace Lawrence (5), Iole MacDonnell (4), Esmé Watson (5½), Dorothea Steinthal (5), Edith Samuels (3), Liliass Summers (4), Maud Vickers (4), Meta Colles (5), Daisy Armstrong (6), Lettice Pamphrey (3), Cecily de Fréville (6). Div. III. (members under 10) Esther McNeill (4½), Marjorie Halford (5), Jessie Smith (4), Lorna Lawrence (4), Hubert Fraser (5), Janet Brooke (6), Cicely Foster (6), Eric Steinthal (6), Paul Steinthal (4), Audrey de Fréville (4), Emily Vickers (6), Kathleen Colles (4), Jack Vickers (5).

The following new members have joined the "Jack and Jill" Club:—Edith and Hubert Fraser, Meda and Esmé Graham Watson, Alexander, Eileen, Meta and Kathleen Colles, Joan Champion, Dorothy Senior, Liliass Summers, Dorothy Mayall, Kathleen and Hester Sandbach, Jessie, Maud, Emily, and Jack Vickers.

THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.]

NURSERY DINNERS FOR A FORTNIGHT.

Sunday. Roast beef, boiled potatoes, sago and apple pudding. *Monday.* Potato soup, cold beef, fried potatoes, brussel sprouts. *Tuesday.* Boiled cod, potatoes, cottage pudding. *Wednesday.* Fish cakes, chops, potatoes, cup puddings. *Thursday.* Stewed rabbit with onions (very carefully scalded), snowflake potatoes, rhubarb and rice. *Friday.* Pea soup, boiled fowl, potatoes, brocoli. *Saturday.* Beefsteak pudding, potatoes boiled in their jackets, stewed figs. *Sunday.* Boiled mutton with carrot and turnip, or parsley sauce, mashed potatoes, jam roly poly. *Monday.* Rice soup, cold mutton, fried potatoes, custard pudding. *Tuesday.* Stewed fresh tongue with carrot and turnip, potatoes, bread and butter pudding. *Wednesday.* Fried or stewed haddock, potatoes, steamed rice pudding. *Thursday.* Milk soup, roast leg of mutton, potatoes parboiled and roasted with the mutton, stewed prunes. *Friday.* Cold mutton, browned mashed potatoes, minced cabbage, pancakes. *Saturday.* Stewed steak with carrot, turnip, potatoes, apple dumplings.

[We cannot at present publish any more menus, but hope to do so later.—ED.]

DEAR EDITOR,—I shall be most grateful to you or to any of your readers if they will suggest in the "Letter Bag" of the *Parents' Review*, the name of any book that will give a collected set of lessons on the New Testament. There are so many books of the kind published, that there must be something; but among the great number, I am at a loss to find what I want, and so write to you for help. Sometime ago "Lessons on the Life of Our Lord," by Eugene Stock, was suggested to me, but since its publication in the seventies, much newer criticism has been accepted, and I am constantly balked by feeling that I cannot teach this or that, and yet without sufficient knowledge to know in what way I should like to present the lesson to my children.

For the Old Testament, I find Church's Stories from the Old Testament excellent in familiarizing the stories for quite little children, and I have continued by using "The Bible for Young People," published by the Sunday School Association.

This book is, I fancy, up to date in its chronological and scientific teaching, and is good for ground work, though I wish I could find the same kind of book that is orthodox as well. With the help of the Cambridge Companion to the Bible, I can prepare my lessons without taking more time than a busy mother can spare.

In the various articles in the *Parents' Review*, the importance, the value and the necessity of the religious training of children is impressed on the reader, but I cannot remember any suggestion of lessons or books to be used, beyond some to be read and digested by the mother. The time for this is so short, with all the other reading that she must do on other subjects, and unless she has the natural gift of a teacher, it is difficult to make her lessons equally interesting and impressive. Can you suggest also easy lessons on Church history, and the prayer-book.

A. N. S.